

The Historie of

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarse:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Doug. Thats the worst tydings, that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth, that beares a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the Kings whole Battell reach vnto?

Ver. To thirtiethousand.

Hot. Fourtie let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs, may serue so great a day.

Come, let vs take a Muster speedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeere.

Exeunt.

Scene 2. Enter *Falstaffe* and *Bardoll*.

Fal. *Bardoll*, get thee before to *Conentry*, fill mee a bottle of
Sacke, our Souldiers shall march through; Weele to *Sutton-cop-*
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money Captaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twen-
tie, take them all Ple answere the coynage; bid my Lieutenant
Peto meete me a Townes end.

Bar. I will Captaine: farewell,

Exit.

Fal. If I be ashamed of my Souldiers, I am a fowst Gurnet; I
haue misused the Kings Presse damnably. I haue got in ex-
change of 150. Souldiers, 300. & odde pounds. I presse me none
but good Houtholders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out con-
tracted Batchelers, such as had been askt twice on the Banes;
such a commoditie of warme slaues, as had as leue heare the
Diuell as a Drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliuier, worse
then a strook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I presse me none but
such Tosts and Butter, with heartes in their bellies no bigger
then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their seruises: and
now

Henry the fourth.

now, my whole charge consistes of Ancients, Corporals, Lieu-
tenants, Gentlemen of companies, Slaues as ragged as *Lazarus*
in the painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogs licked his sores:
and such as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but discarded vniust
Seruingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reuolted Tap-
sters and Ostlers trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world, and
long peace, ten times more dishonorable ragged, then an old
fazde Ancient; and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them
as haue bought out their seruises, that you would thinke, that I
had a hundred and fiftie tottered Prodigals, lately come from
Swine-keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A madd fellow
met me on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the gibbets,
and prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seene such Skar-crowes.
Ille not march through *Conentry* with them, that's flat: nay, and
the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyues
on, for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison; there's not
a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe Shirt is
two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the shoulders
like a Hearalds coate without sleeues; and the Shirt to say the
truth, stole from my Host of *S. Albones*, or the Red-nose In-
keeper of *Daninty*: but that's all one, they'll finde Linnen
enough on euery Hedge,

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prin. How now blowne Iacke? how now Quilt?

Fal. What *Hal*? How now mad wag, what a diuell dost thou
in *Warwick-shire*? My good L. of *Westmerland*, I cry you mercy, I
thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesburie*.

West. Fayth, *Sir John*, t'is more then time that I were there,
and you too; but my powers are there already: the King I can
tell you, lookes for vs all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath al-
ready made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whose fellows are
these that come after?

Fal. Mine *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer see such pittifull rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to roste, food for powder, food
for

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